

Snitches Get Stitches

by stolen with the night

Category: Batman Begins/Dark Knight

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Bruce W./Batman, OC

Pairings: Bruce W./Batman/OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 14:31:06

Updated: 2016-04-15 14:31:06

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:35:50

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,677

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: All those fanfics lied, it was pretty damn easy to survive in Gotham. In which all a fan girl has is contradicting comic book knowledge, a terrible nickname and the security she knows she has with the mafia. After all it's better to be on the bad side and mess (read: flirt) with the Batman than it is to be dead on the streets of Gotham. Anti-Heroine!Oc/Batman

Snitches Get Stitches

Summary- All those fanfics lied, it was pretty damn easy to survive in Gotham. In which all a fan girl has is contradicting comic book knowledge, a terrible nickname and the security she knows she has with the mafia. After all it's better to be on the bad side and mess (read: flirt) with the Batman than it is to be dead on the streets of Gotham. Anti-Heroine!Oc/Batman

* * *

Notes- So, here I am just taking a shot at the whole fan girl in Gotham theme- only my gal will be a bad girl and one who thoroughly enjoys the perks. And while she won't be a villain, she will be slumming it with the baddies from time to time. She's going to be an opportunist who recognizes that being a complete 'good guy' won't serve her too well in a place like Gotham. Also, in her world the Nolanverse movies never happened so she'll be running off of the ever complicated comic knowledge, the 90's movies and the cartoon series- just to make it fun for me and hard for her.

* * *

x

x

**x**

**St. John Nepomucene Casino- Nine Years and Eight Months Post Incident.**

She hummed to the music, Elton John's slow, low tones floating around so completely at odds with the scenario she had managed to find herself in. She swayed to the beat as much as she could within the confines of the rope that bound her to the ornately carved chair she had spent large amounts of money to gain. It was such a shame she never got around to having them varnished, now the blood slowly bleeding out from her shoulder would stain them a garish red- she had wanted them a soft brown to match the tables. Truly a shame.

Ice blue eyes took in her surroundings with an almost disinterested gaze, when exactly did she become so used to the color red? When was it that bullet and knife wounds started feeling less like death and more like an annoying hangover? And in what moment did men like the ones before her become nothing but sniveling little boys, only less cute? Well there was an answer to that; the moment she decided to survive. Not that it was doing her too well at the present but hey, nine, almost ten years, she'd had a good run.

Rough, grubby hands gripped at her chin- and how the mighty had fallen, this loser had once been the guy that polished her Italy imported martini glasses behind the bar. He made a cooing sound, "C'mon Stitches, we know that you know who he is," his tone was cajoling as if he hadn't just spent the last three days torturing her. "Just tell us one little thing. All you need to do-"

She groaned, so completely over it. "Is tell you who the batman is. I know already, you ask me every time you come in here!" She sent him her most unimpressed look, "Listen, honey, don't you think that if I knew who he was, I would be here right now? The answer is, no. If I did, Batboy would be all beside himself looking for me so I don't give his secret identity away. Do you see our friendly neighborhood rodent around? I think we can safely assume that I don't know."

Lie. A huge lie. She knew who he was before he knew he even wanted to be Batman, but they couldn't know that, no one did. No one ever would.

"I don't believe you. In all the time I've been working for you, not once has there been a move in the city that you weren't informed of. You know everything," James, Jordan or maybe it was Jason said with a disbelieving tone, as if someone had just told him that Santa wasn't real and he was desperately trying to defend the existence of the jolly, fat man. In this case, she was Santa.

She snorted, "Clearly I don't, otherwise I wouldn't have hired your backstabbing ass." Yeah, that had been a real mistake. Frankly, all her other employees held a high standard of loyalty- she supposed it was because they had much owing to her, she having saved them in one way or another and if not, the others had been the Old man's thugs who swore fealty to her after his death.

He hesitated, clearly mulling something over in his head. "You really don't know?" He finally asked.

_She let her head fall back, this was it, the last thing she would

see, a mildew stained ceiling because as soon as she answered, there would be no real reason to keep her alive. Letting out a long sigh, determination mingled with hopelessness as she let her eyes fall shut._

_ "I really don't know." _

_ She let the last of the song wash over her, ignoring the sound of fading footsteps. Twenty-five years, that was just enough time to spend alive. And there were worse ways to go, with her sitting so close to the explosives she wouldn't feel a damn thing. It would be quick, painless._

_ "I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind, that I put down in words, how wonderful life is, now you're in the world," She sung along softly. Such a bullshit song, too bad it was catchy._

_ And she never even made it home. _

* * *

><p>Oswald's Nightclub, Iceberg Lounge- Eight Years Post Incident.**

"Can you believe it, dearest?"

The question was rhetorical considering she hadn't given any context. Stitches kept her eyes on the article she was reading, the intensity in which she read the only sign that the words laid before her had her disturbed. Of course she knew he was going to be back, she had spent seven years fixating on this day, knowing it would come- if not when, exactly. Oddly, she felt somewhat underwhelmed and entirely under prepared- not that she wanted to get involved, she merely wished to protect the little empire she had built, most of which on the less than legal side and therefore prone to his scrutiny.

She tossed the paper on the low level table with a dramatic little sigh, "Our genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist is back in town."

Pitch black eyes followed the flight path of the Gotham Time's paper. Victor Zsasz, her favorite little underling, loyal as a dog as long as you kept him busy and gave him a purpose in life. She was quite sure she was the only thing that kept him from running off and becoming his canonical counter part whose only gig was killing women in parking lots and carving tallies into his skin. There was no doubting he was still something of a sociopath who found excitement in the chase and the eventual slaughter but there wasn't much she could do about that- murder was murder, whether you enjoyed it or not. For the most part she shied away from having people killed but in her line of profession, defense was necessary and sometimes so was a little battering, especially since the police could do zilch.

She smiled up at him, her right hand man dressed in all black, he was a rather handsome thing if not a little creepy looking. One would think he was the perfect date for a girl, ever polite with his soft voice and gentlemanly mannerisms, respectful and loyal, Stitches owed the Old man for giving her the perfect hit man. Really, his quiet atmosphere was completely at odds with the self inflicted scars he hid beneath black suits and leather gloves. "You look a little

doubtful, Zsasz. I can assure he truly is back in Gotham City."

He shook his hairless head, "I dare not doubt you, Ma'am."

She ran one perfectly manicured nail around the rim of her Margarita, collecting all the sugar off the the surface and placing it in her mouth to taste the addicting sweetness of the sugar and the clashing flavor of lemon juice, "And yet you do, Zsasz. What is it about my words that you seem to not agree with?"

She watched him clench and unclench leather covered hands, a habit of his that signaled absolutely nothing, there was honestly no pattern behind it. It also annoyed her but she ignored it in favor of peering straight into his eyes, they were so dark, like the endless abyss she couldn't pinpoint where his pupil finished and the iris began. He stood next to her table, the perfect guard as she sat like the lady no one believed she was and had her daily dose of alcohol and read about yesterday's bustle of Gothamite life.

Pitch black met Ice blue, one collecting words and the other watching with a detached sense of amusement. Victor was the closest thing she had to a friend since Oswald was sent to Blackgate a few years back. She missed him of course, but he was safer in Blackgate than on the outside, especially since he was in the illegal trades business now and that wasn't the right profession to be in at the time. Hence the reason she had walked into the building that held Gotham's finest and handed over a piece of paper that lead to Oswald's arrest. She hoped he wasn't too mad at her- after all, she was saving him from a lot of crazy he didn't need and all the while keeping his other business ventures alive and thriving.

Yes, she ought to visit him some time. As far as she was aware, he still believed she had actually betrayed him. Well, she had but it _was _for his own benefit.

"Billionaire, yes," Zsasz began softly, "playboy, it's likely given his wealth, age and social status. But genius, Ma'am? And can it be called philanthropy when he is more likely to spend more money on alcohol for a charity ball than the charity itself?" He almost sounded like he gave a damn about anything to do with charities. He didn't.

Stitches blinked and quietly sighed. _Of all the... _"Remind me to work on your sense of humor, Zsasz. It was a quote, I was quoting- look, never mind." She shook her head, for once not caring if it would destroy the carefully situated waves and artful up do. The need for a put together appearance had been drummed into her years ago and she had kept the lesson close to heart since, but tonight she supposed it didn't matter.

She tugged on a leather hand, "Come, Victor, dance with me."

The poor man, a decade her senior and yet for the life of him he looked as lost as a child as she dragged him across to the empty dance floor- well, empty as soon as they moved towards it. Stitches wrinkled her nose at the heavy techno that bounced around the club and looked up to the DJ in his little alcove, with a small gesture of her hand the music quickly changed and the displeasing music was replaced with a soft jazz number.

Pleased, she turned back around to Zsasz and took both of his hands in hers, placing one of his hands on her hip, she held the other and with her free hand she carelessly dropped it onto his shoulder. He looked terrified, she wasn't sure why, it was a dance, she wasn't holding a knife up to his throat. Though she may as well have been, she was aware he wouldn't go against her wishes, he had been raised to follow orders. Not to mention she was sure he had never danced before in his life and had never seen her do something quite so humanizing since her early days under the Old man's tutelage.

"Ma'am?"

She ignored the implied question, instead she rested her head against the side of his throat and swayed from side to side, forcing him to copy her movements. "Relax, Zsasz. This is a celebratory dance, tonight marks the beginning of the end." She gave a happy giggle and felt him tense, "Seriously Zsasz, if you don't chill out I'll make you watch the original Barbie movies with me again and this time I won't let you take all those twenty minute 'bathroom breaks.'"

The effect was immediate.

* * *

><p>Fiore Appassito- One Year Post Incident._

Stitches sighed, becoming more and more agitated as the man across from her stared intently at the menu she knew he knew off by heart and would eventually order the same thing he always ordered. Her skirt was bunching up around her knees, having not perfected sitting in the right way as to insure such a thing didn't happen, her face felt like it was about to melt off, several times she had to remind herself to keep her tongue in check- one lesson the Old man couldn't quite drum into her, no matter how many times it got her into trouble- and finally, she had only been here for an half hour and was required to stay at least another half longer. All in all, she was not a happy, little former criminal's protege.

Carmin Falcone Junior was nothing like his father. The Old man had class, he was respectful and had a purpose for everything he did in this corrupt city. His son however, was basically the bully in the sandpit whose main gig was using the power his father had worked hard for to get what he wanted. Unfortunately for her, Don Falcone Senior had retired from his criminal lifestyle and spent his days gardening and listening to the whistle tones of renown soprano stars; a frequent visitor of the opera. His only existing link to the thriving underworld? The girl with the weird and obviously fake name he had picked off the street and had brought under wing- Stitches.

It sucked for her because it meant she was constantly watched and interrogated, after all, retired just wasn't the same as dead. It didn't help that said retired, senior citizen was 'The Roman' Falcone, a title that had been passed onto his fifty-something son. If only they knew that the man they feared was probably, at this very moment, swaying to some number on the radio as he watched over his latest cupcake concoction she would be forced to try the second she stepped through the door.

The mental image was enough to make her lips twitch upwards into her first smile of the evening, something Falcone immediately noticed. Of course he noticed her when she had some semblance of happiness, he didn't like it when that happened. She was a constant reminder that his father was still around and capable of taking his newly established throne away from him should he ever decide to come out of retirement. As old as Carmine was, his mind was as sharp as it had ever been.

"Just thinking of your father," she answered his unspoken question.

He nodded, looking back down at his menu. "And how is the old man?" He asked lightly and it was clear to her that he didn't actually care but he did want to know if he was up to anything. He really wasn't cut out for subtlety but then again, neither was she.

She sent him an unimpressed look, "He's fine, Carmine. And so is your crown." _For now. _"As impossible as it may seem to you, dearest, he has no intention of coming out of retirement. He's happy living out the rest of his days in peace and I will do my absolute best to ensure that happens and that no errant thug comes along to disrupt it."

There was a moment as he absorbed his words before he set his menu down, linking his fingers together and giving her his full attention. In response to his unusual acknowledgment of her, she straightened her body from it's angled position to face him head on. She had no problem staring into his brown orbs, there was nothing there to fear. His only power here on what all the families considered neutral territory was the few muscled men surrounding their table and spread around the restaurant but she knew he wouldn't do anything to risk his father's anger. For all his crime boss status, Falcone still feared daddy and with good reason too.

"And you?" His eyes scanned her from her blonde coiffed hair to the creme colored Christian Louboutin heels she was still learning to walk in. "What will you do once the old man kicks the bucket?"

Gnashing her teeth in an effort not to punch him in the face, Stitches managed to make her reply as cool and as indifferent as ever. She was too young, too inexperienced and had little reputation to be anything but tolerable to him. "I have every intention of honoring his attentive tutoring by upholding the small side businesses he still remains in control of and in the high standard he has set."

There was a spark of interest in those muddy eyes now, as well as the creeping shadows of caution, "I thought you said he was happily retired."

She smirked, pleased by his fear of what she considered to be a great man. "He has retired from his life of crime. But he is still every bit a businessman, though you can rest assured that his new business ventures are all clean and if you were to ever have the misfortune of clashing with him it will be as one businessman to another and nothing else." She smiled reassuringly at him before sipping at the complimentary lemon water provided, "Though I highly doubt various restaurants and a casino would scare you much. He's thinking about

obtaining a hotel or two as a little side project."

Falcone laughed, "Restaurants and a casino? The old man is getting soft. No," he shook his head, "he was always soft. Now he's just soft and retired. So that's it then? You just take over for the old man?"

Stitches smiled behind the rim of her glass, "If that is his wish."

He scoffed but looked highly relieved, no doubt believing her and the Old man to be less of a threat while showcasing his arrogance and stupidity. A waiter came around to their table, in his arms he held a bottle of what was probably some vintage wine that cost more than an average week's rent on an uptown apartment. Silently the waiter poured them each a glass and just as quickly left.

Falcone must have chosen it beforehand. "But, your father is a healthy man, in mind and body. It will be many years before he starts to slow down and hand the mantle over, be that to myself or someone else of his choosing."

He smiled, gave a nod and gestured at the half filled glass. Stitches pushed back the glass of wine by the stem, giving Falcone a faux patient smile, "Your father doesn't like it when I drink, he says I'm far too young for it."

The crime boss opened his mouth to speak but was interrupted by the sound of a scuffle behind her. Stitches picked up her lemon water, not bothering to look over her shoulder and payed for the dismissal by almost dropping the glass in shock when a too familiar face came into view from her left. She caught it in time though and was thankful that no one was paying attention to her.

She knew he existed, of course she did. And she had admitted to herself that at some point they'd have to cross paths, especially since her benefactor was a former criminal and the fact that she was somewhat involved with criminals if only by association but it was still such a shock to see a young Bruce Wayne barge his way through mafia territory, eyes dark with hate and hands balled up in a white knuckled grip by his side at the sight of a smug Falcone who raised his glass in a small salutation to the young billionaire and future vigilante.

Those hazel eyes never left the crime boss' face even as his thugs roughly searched him for any hidden weapons. Stitches quietly mused over how attractive he was in person, there was a boyish charm to him at present and it was easy to see the heart breaker he would be in the lines of his jaw, the fullness of his lips and the waves of his dark hair. He was older than her, that was easy to see. He was easily five or six years older than her eighteen years of age which meant he was somewhere in his Princeton years. She silently thanked all those gossip rags she had read, if not for them she wouldn't have recognized the future Prince of Gotham- he looked nothing like his comic and cartoon counterparts, nor like the 90's movies she had seen.

"You're taller than you look in the tabloids, Mr. Wayne." Falcone turned to her, "Doesn't he look taller?"

Pursing her lips to hide her the longing to let her lips twitch up into an amused smirk at seeing the young Wayne heir's shocked expression after finally noticing her- no doubt wondering what the hell a teenager was doing dressed up like someone's personal doll and looking completely at ease if not a little annoyed in the company of a criminal. She let her eyes fall over him thoughtfully in response to the question. Oddly enough, despite her mild attraction to him, he was somewhat underwhelming. She thought back to the posters she once had on her walls, a dark, muscular figure, blending mysteriously into the night as he crouched like a gargoyle looking down at the beautiful monstrosity that was Gotham. If anything, he was rather...

"Smaller than I imagined actually," she murmured almost thoughtlessly. But he was young yet, still a boy as much as she was still just a girl.

Falcone laughed, loud and full, as if she had just said something outrageously humorous. Spurred by his laughter, the young Wayne lunged, swinging his fist out in hopes to at least clip the crime boss' face but fell short as he was tugged back. "You sick bastard! Do you go around kidnapping young girls now too?! Let go!" He growled at the thugs holding him down as he presumably tried to step between her and Falcone.

Stitches tried to stop it, she really did. But a small, mischievous smile still bloomed across her lips in the face of his people saving complex that had started far before Batman it seemed. "I'm quite fine, Hero. I really am here of my freewill." She called loudly over his struggles, ensuring she was heard and immediately he stopped, likely surprised by such a casual admission to being associated with the mafia.

Sliding to the right, she gestured to the seat she had just left, "Please, sit." The moment she finished her request she repressed a wince, it was easy to forget that while in the company of mafia, she was treated as an ambassador of the Old man and that meant her requests were never perceived as such. She was proven right when the thugs practically threw Wayne into the seat. She almost apologized but was quick to remember what the Old man said about apologizing for the actions of those you weren't responsible for.

Instead she plastered on a small smirk and asked, "To what do the Don and I owe the pleasure of your company, Mr. Wayne?" She had an idea of course, Falcone had just missed out on jail time thanks to the death of a witness that was willing to speak out against him- the same man who killed Wayne's parents. It was fairly obvious to anyone that Falcone was responsible for that but why would Wayne be angry over Joe Chill's death?

"Joe Chill was mine to kill," He spat out, completely surprising her. He glared hatefully into the eyes of Falcone, gnashing his teeth in frustration.

Stitches frowned, she had been under the impression that one of Batman's biggest rules was to never purposely take a life. Though, it was quite possible that he had yet to establish such a rule. Right now it appeared he was nothing more than an angry boy- she had no idea why that disappointed her, it shouldn't have, she had promised herself not to rely on the two-dimensional impressions she had gotten

from all those comics she had ever read. But this wasn't Batman, this was Bruce Wayne who had yet to overcome the many hardships that made him the Batman. This was the Bruce Wayne who had yet to see how deep the shadows ran in Gotham- the same boy who thought that the mafia and a gun that took two lives was the worst of the worst.

Falcone gave a gracious nod of his head, "A thank you note would have been fine. No need for you to come here in person."

If possible, Wayne's eyes darkened to an iron infused green, "I didn't come here to thank you. I came to show you that not everyone in Gotham is afraid of you."

Silently, she had to agree. Though that was because she knew the Don Falcone before his twit of a son took over the family business- people didn't fear Falcone himself as much as they did his name. Falcone seemed to take that in stride though, brushing off the remark with a cool, "Only those who know me, kid."

"Look around you," Falcone grinned, smug and sure of his victory, he pointed to the bar, "you'll see two council men, a union official," he nodded to a both at the end, "a couple of off duty cops and a judge." When the crime boss turned to her she wanted to groan, of course he would show her off as if she belonged to him. "And this little girl, cute and innocent looking thing who needs your protection from the big, bad wolf? You've got it all wrong, see that's how I know your nothing more than a trust fund upstart. You can't even tell the difference between a rabbit and a wolf."

He poked at the impassive looking Wayne, "You walked in here with the impression that someone would give a damn about your petty, little problems."

Stitches frowned at the gun he pulled from no where, on habit her eyes darted to the shadowed corner, but when no movement could be seen she tried to relax in her seat or in the very least, try and appear relaxed. Though wary, Stitches couldn't help but give the gun a look of distaste. Not for the weapon itself, but rather the fact that he'd been holding it under the table the whole time and she hadn't noticed- the Old man would be disappointed in her. Not to mention, it was disrespectful to herself to have that thing waved around near her when there was no danger.

"Please Carmine, have some respect." She ground out, eyes following the gun. "It's an insult to both me and yourself to be waving such a thing around like a child with a flag. And while we are about to eat, no less."

He snapped his fingers together, "Exactly, respect!" He glared disapprovingly at her, "Oh put your baby fangs away, puppy. To get respect, you need to give it and I already have one kid who thinks they can do whatever they want just because they have a little bit of spirit in them and a bigger name protecting them- I don't need or want another."

Stitches glared right back. "I think I'll take a rain-check on dinner, Carmine. I suddenly am not in the mood for food and would appreciate the comforts of home right now," she ground out in an attempt at civility when all she wanted to do was punch the bastard in the face and damn the consequences.

Falcone nodded, "You do that kid and while you're at it, take the Wayne brat with you." He gestured to boy next to her, who was doing a far better job than her at appearing calm, before kissing her on the forehead, a sign of his benediction in the face of her wrath.

Taking a discreet and deep breath, she stood and held out her arm to the sitting Wayne, "Care to accompany me to the door, Mr. Wayne?"

He spoke without looking at her, "I'm not done here."

She didn't miss a beat, "Yes you are and though it was phrased as such, it wasn't a request, Mr. Wayne." She refused to have him die here at the hands of some small ass player like Falcone before the thought of Batman had even entered his mind. The small part in her that was still very much a fan girl and in love with the idea of the tight wearing, cape donning man he would be, shuddered at the thought of a world without Batman.

At her words Falcone's thugs stepped forward to haul the young billionaire to his feet. The moment he was up she placed her hand in the crook of his arm, giving it a firm squeeze she noted absently that he had already the beginnings of a sturdy sort of strength in his gangly limbs.

"Move!" She hissed when he refused to budge an inch. He glared at her, his eyes roiling in anger but none the less he complied, taking heavy steps towards the door. Stitches gave the compulsory nod of acknowledgment to Falcone and then to his men in thanks for their service as she passed them.

It didn't take them long to exit the Italian restaurant, the heavy oak doors shutting behind them. Stitches felt the arm beneath her hand tense but she didn't give him time to let his anger out on her, she rounded on him, baring her teeth to him in her own frustration and anger, "What the hell were you thinking?! Barging into mafia territory with all the bravado of an invincible man!"

Pushing her back, he growled, "I'm not afraid of him."

"That's because you're an idiot who doesn't think. I imagined you were smarter than that, Hero." She pressed a hand to her temple, "I bet you didn't give a thought for those closest to you. About what Falcone could do to them. You didn't think about them, did you? Or about what tonight could've ended in had I let you stay behind."

"Who can he hurt? The people I love the most are gone, there's nothing more he can do to me."

Stitches looked at him, really, truly looked at him and saw the utter conviction in his words, as if he truly believed them to be truthful. Aghast she croaked, "You can't be that stupid! Even as small a player as me in the underground knows that's not true." She saw his dubious look and instantly wanted to hit him for being so self absorbed- he was the future Batman, she didn't care how young he was, he wasn't allowed to be self absorbed, that was too entirely human.

"Alfred Pennyworth, former member of the British Special Forces and butler to the Wayne family." Pleased when she saw him pale she

continued on, repeating a lesson that the Old man had given to her mere months before but had taken to heart, "These people are criminals, Hero, they don't play by the rules and hitting you where it hurts is just how the game goes. You need to think about all the people you care for and then you need to think of all the things they could do to them and after that, when you think it ends, think of all the justice that your loved ones wont get."

She studied his silent figure for a moment, taking in the heavy breaths he was taking- the only sign her words were affecting him other than his pale skin and the sweat beading on his forehead. "I know you think you've seen the ugly side of life but this is Gotham, if there's anything I can promise you about this place, it's that there's always something _worse _going on."

They were both silent then, both looking at each other and yet not seeing in the present. One had his mind stuck in the past, the other had her eyes on the future.

"Do me a favor? Don't come back here until you understand that there's not a single soul in the world that has absolutely nothing to lose."

She turned to leave, straightening out her skirt and patting her hair. From the shadows Zsasz appeared, a pink umbrella in his hands which he immediately opened up and raised to shelter her from the light spray of rain. She thanked him as they took their first steps towards the car the Old man insisted she use when going out and about the city- hit man included in the package, naturally.

"Wait!" Wayne called out. Stopping, but refusing to turn around she waited for him to speak again. "I didn't get your name."

She grinned, "People call me Stitches."

End
file.